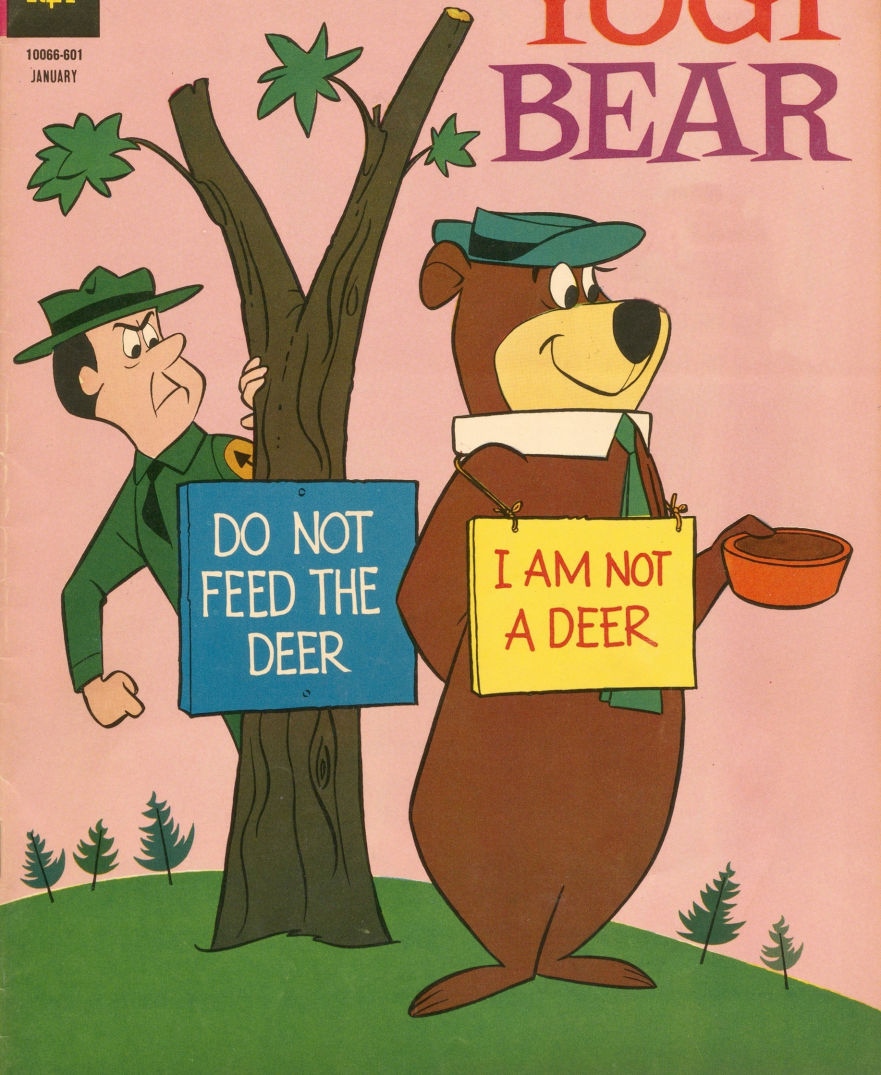
GOLD KEY
YOGI BEAR
12c
10066-601
JANUARY

HANNA-BARBERA

YOGI BEAR



Hanna-Barbera

YOGI BEAR THE MYSTERIOUS INTRUDER



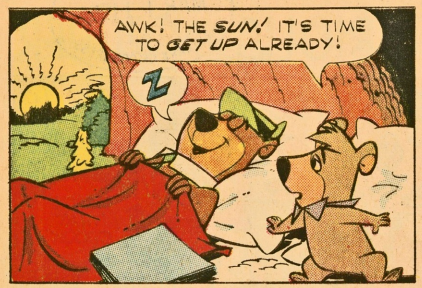
YOGI BEAR, No. 23, January, 1966. Published quarterly by K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York. Second-class postage paid at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscription price in the U.S.A. 45c per year; foreign subscriptions 75c per year; Canadian subscriptions 60c per year. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Designed, produced and printed in the U.S.A. by Western Printing and Lithographing Company. **Copyright © 1965, by Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.**

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us four weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.



TRADE MARK OF SCREEN GEMS, INC. Western Printing and Lithographing Company, Authorized User.
© 1965, Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.





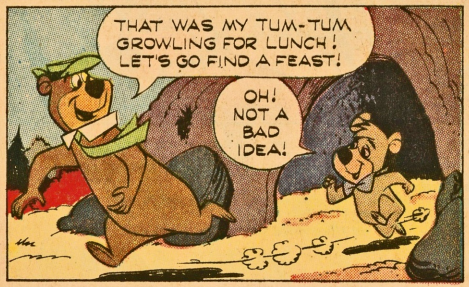




AND AROUND NOONTIME OUR FRIENDS ARE AWAKENED BY...










WHAT'S NEW, BRUNO, OLD RUG?
ER...NOW THAT YOU ASK, SOMETHING MYSTERIOUS HAS HAPPENED IN MY CAVE!
MYSTERIOUS? LIKE IN A DETECTIVE STORY, MAYBE?
MAYBE! YOU SEE...
YES, I'D LIKE TO SEE...RIGHT AWAY QUICK!
BUT I HAVEN'T HAD DESSERT YET!
I'LL TAKE OVER, MEN!
NOW THEN...WHAT'S THE TROUBLE HERE, BRUNO?
BRUNO BEAR
WELL, WHILE I WAS OUT, SOMEONE LEFT THIS EMPTY APPLE CRATE IN MY CAVE!
HMM...IT'S THE KIND OF CRATE THE PARK STORE GETS THEIR APPLES IN!
APPLES
LET ME THINK...
PARK STORE
DON'T STRAIN YOUR HEAD, YOGI!
BRUNO! YOU'VE BEEN FRAMED! SOME CRUMMY CROOK IS TRYING TO PUT THE BLAME ON YOU FOR SWIPIN' THOSE APPLES!
(ULP!) HONEST ME?!


Y-YOU'VE GOTTA CLEAR ME, YOGI! I'LL PAY YOU A GOOD FEE!
HEY-HEY-HEY! JUST LIKE THAT, I'M IN THE DETECTIVE RACKET!
WAIT'LL I GET ARMED WITH TOOLS OF THE TRADE! IN THE MEANTIME, DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING!
BUT...
BOY, THIS PLACE IS AS BARE OF CLUES AS MY CUPBOARD IS BARE OF VITTLES!
APPLES
YOGI! SOMEBODY ELSE HAS A MYSTERY, TOO!
AHA!
A MYSTERIOUS INTRUDER WAS IN LARRY BEAR'S CAVE, TOO!
THE PLOT THICKENS!
DID LARRY BEAR SEE THE INTRUDER?
NOPE! HE INTRUDED WHILE LARRY WAS ASLEEP!
LARRY BEAR
BUT THE GUY LEFT THESE WEIRDO FOOTPRINTS IN MY CAVE!
HMM... EVERY FEW STEPS HE GOT UP ON HIS TIPPY-TOES!


WHY DON'T YOU RE-ENACT THE ACTS OF THE CULPRITS, YOGI?
ALL RIGHT... I'LL FOLLOW IN HIS FOOTPRINTS!
ONE... TWO... THREE...
VERY GRACEFUL!
...TIPPY TOE!
BONK
GOLLY! YOU BONKED YOUR BEAN ON A LOW STALACTITE WHEN YOU TIPPY-TOED, YOGI!
HMM...
PAINFUL DEDUCTION #1 ... THE INTRUDER WAS A SHORT GUY OR HE COULDN'T PRANCE AROUND LIKE THAT IN THIS CAVE WITH A LOW CEILING!
DAZZLING DEDUCTION!
NOW TELL US WHY HE DANCED ALL OVER THE PLACE!
AHA! THAT'S IT! HE WAS DANCING!
BUT WHY?
YEAH! IF YOU CAN TELL ME THAT, I'LL PAY YOU FOR YOUR DETECTING!
I'VE GOT TO GO OFF AND DO SOME DEEEEP THINKING!
SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE SHERLOCK-TYPE!


HMM... APPLE SNITCHER... CAVE DANCER... HMM...
IT NEVER FAILS WITH YOGI! WHEN HE LIES DOWN, HIS THOUGHTS SOON LATCH ON TO THE IDEA OF SLEEPING!
Z!
AS A DETECTIVE HE MAKES A GOOD RIP VAN WINKLE!
Z-Z-Z-
AND BY AND BY...
I THINK I'LL WAKE HIM UP! I DON'T WANT HIM TO BE ALL SLEEPED-OUT WHEN NIGHT COMES!
Z-Z-Z-Z-
EEK! THE MYSTERIOUS INTRUDER HAS INTRUDED ON YOGI!
HUH?
...AND LEFT HIS FOOTSY PRINTS ALL OVER YOUR TUM-TUM!
THIS CALLS FOR MORE DEDUCTING!
WHY DID HE STAND ON ME?
HMM...
LET'S CATCH HIM AND ASK HIM, YOGI!
HUH? WHERE ARE YOU GOING, BOO BOO?


I'M TAKING THE BACK-DOOR SHORT CUT TO THE NEXT CAVE ALONG THE TRAIL! MAYBE THE MYSTERIOUS INTRUDER ISN'T THERE YET!
NO TELL-TALE CLUES!
GOOD! NOW WE CAN SET A BEAR-TRAP FOR HIM!
THIS TIME, IF HE STANDS ON YOU, GRAB HIM LIKE A HIVE FULLA HONEY!
ROGER! NOW HIDE, BOO, AND I'LL FAKE SLEEP!
OH, BOY! SOMEBODY'S COMING ALREADY!
Z
Z
Z
SO THAT'S IT! HE'S USING YOGI FOR A STEP STOOL TO REACH THE ROOF!
HE'S PICKING OFF THE BATS THAT SLEEP THERE UPSIDE-DOWN!


SAY, I'VE GOT A FUNNY FEELING THAT YOGI IS *REALLY* ASLEEP AGAIN!
Z
I'LL HAVE TO TACKLE THE BATTY INTRUDER MYSELF!
EH? WHY, IT'S A LITTLE BEAR!
SMOOSH!
OOF!
AND SO...
MY NAME IS PROFESSOR ALGAE N. PUDDLE, AND I MAKE A STUDY OF BATS!
BUT, SIR, YOU HAVE BEEN TRESPASSING IN PRIVATE QUARTERS!
NONSENSE! THIS IS A *NATIONAL PARK*... IT'S GOVERNMENT PROPERTY... AND I HAVE PERMISSION TO COLLECT BATS WHERE I CHOOSE!
OFFICIAL LICENSE
GOOD DAY, OLD CHAPS!
(GROAN!) MY FIRST CASE IS HOPELESS!
CHEER UP, YOGI! MAYBE HE'LL YET RUN INTO A BAT THAT'S MORE THAN HE CAN HANDLE!
HMM...
BOO BOO! YOU'VE GIVEN ME A GRIZZLY-SIZE IDEA!
?


MY OLD UMBRELLA AND THIS ROPE IS ALL I NEED!
AND SO...
YES...
OH, PROFESSOR BAT-BAGGER...
WANNA SEE A BIG CAVE WITH BIG BATS?
THE BIGGER, THE BATTIER!
THERE IT IS... MAN-MOUTH CAVE!
BUT HOW WILL I REACH THE BATS IN A CAVE WITH SUCH A HIGH CEILING?
ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR PROFESSOR...THE BATS WILL COME TO YOU...
WHEE!
I'M A PROFESSOR-CATCHER!
SWOOSH!
EEK!! LET ME OUT OF HERE!!
HELP YOURSELF TO THE OUTSIDE, SIR!


HA-HA-HA! YOU SCARED THE PROFESSOR CLEAR OUT OF JELLYSTONE, YOGI!
ELEMENTARY STUFF, BOO!
NOW CUT ME DOWN AND I'LL COLLECT MY FEES FROM MY CLIENTS!
BUT...
THEN I REALLY WASN'T FRAMED BY AN APPLE-SNATCHER?
AND MY INTRUDER SIMPLY STOOD ON HIS TOES TO REACH THE BATS ON MY LOW CEILING?
YEP! I SOLVED IT, AND SENT THE CULPRIT AWAY!
HEH... SO NOW YOU CAN PAY ME FOR MY LABORS!
ER... I JUST REMEMBERED AN URGENT ENGAGEMENT!
SEND ME A BILL ON THE FIRST OF... NEXT YEAR!
HMM... TYPICAL BEAR-TYPE REACTIONS!
I'D BETTER COLLECT MY FEES WHILE I'M STILL IN COSTUME!
HEH! DON'T MIND ME IF I CUT MYSELF IN NOW, GENTS!
IN THE BEGGIN' RACKET, A WIDE REACH COUNTS FOR A LOT!

Hanna-Barbera

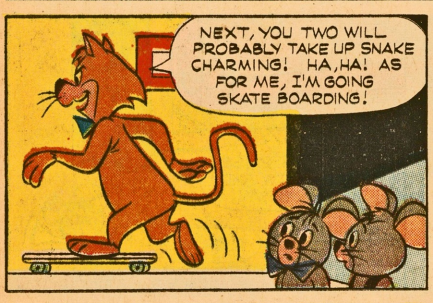
Pixie, Dixie and Mr. Jinks

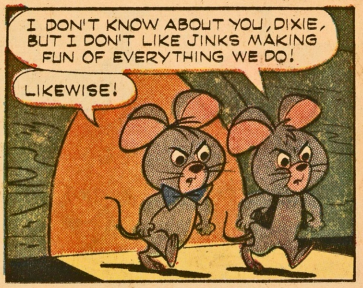
TAMING THE TABBY

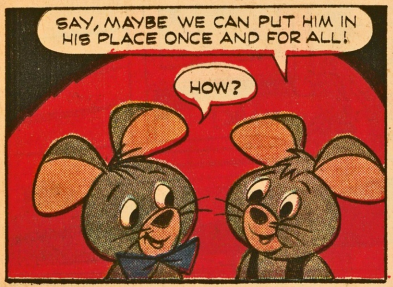


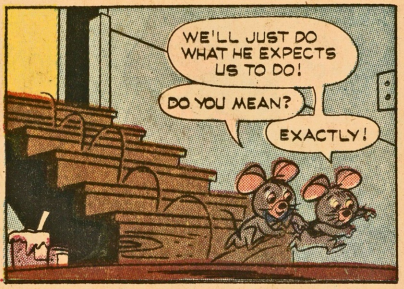


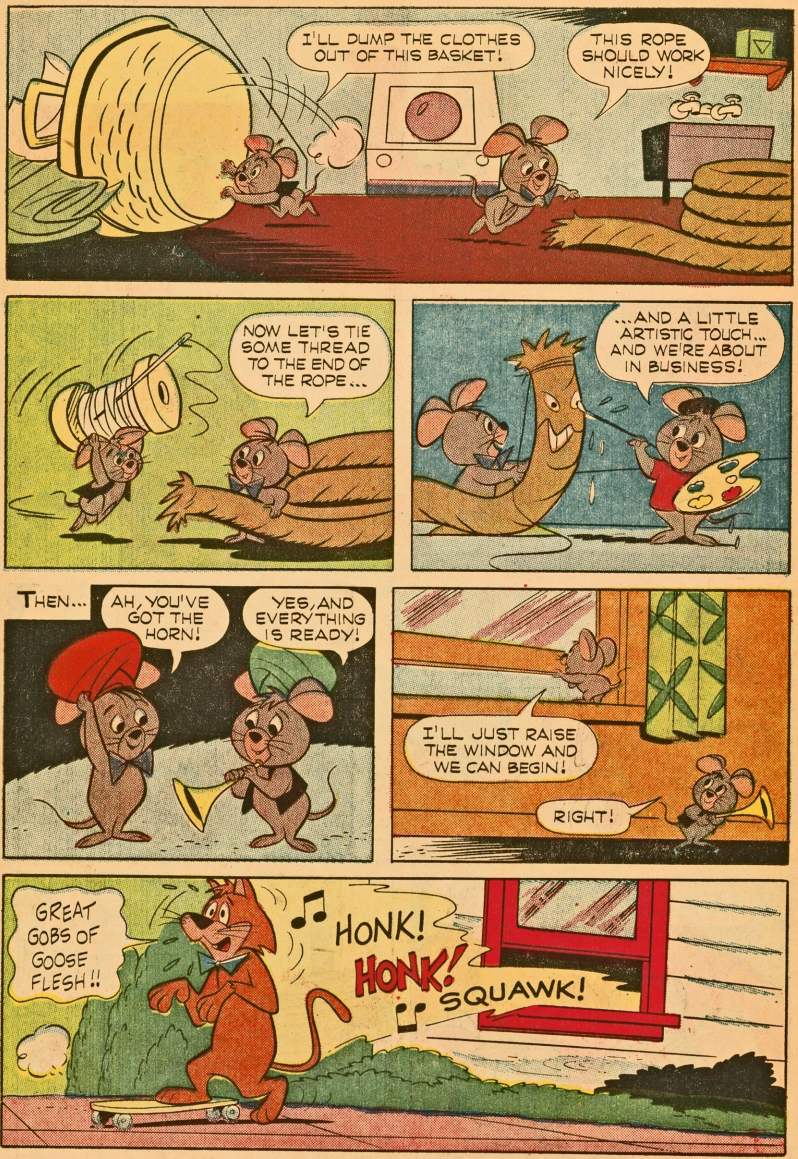


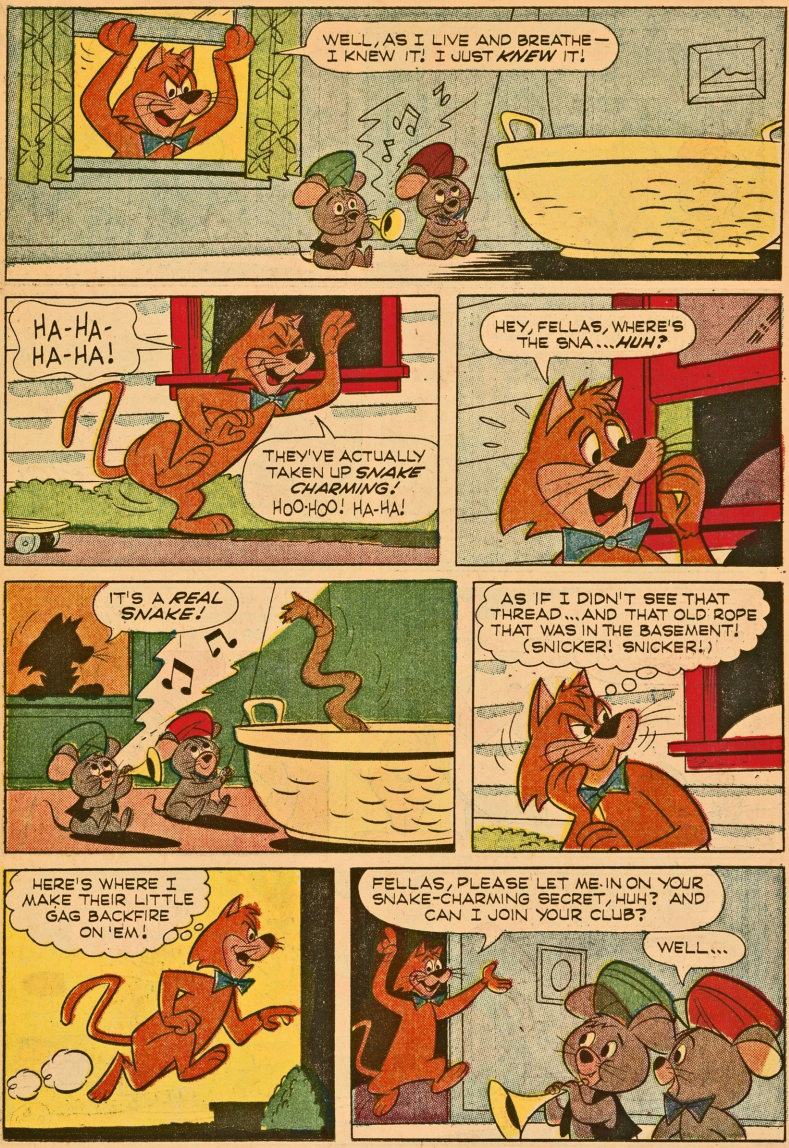




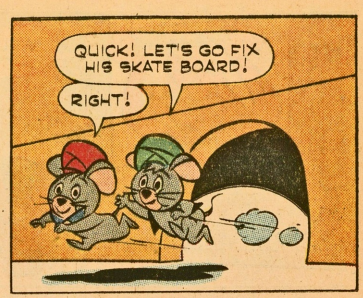





I'LL DUMP THE CLOTHES OUT OF THIS BASKET!
THIS ROPE SHOULD WORK NICELY!
NOW LET'S TIE SOME THREAD TO THE END OF THE ROPE...
...AND A LITTLE ARTISTIC TOUCH... AND WE'RE ABOUT IN BUSINESS!
THEN...
AH, YOU'VE GOT THE HORN!
YES, AND EVERYTHING IS READY!
I'LL JUST RAISE THE WINDOW AND WE CAN BEGIN!
RIGHT!
GREAT GOBS OF GOOSE FLESH!!
HONK!
HONK!
SQUAWK!

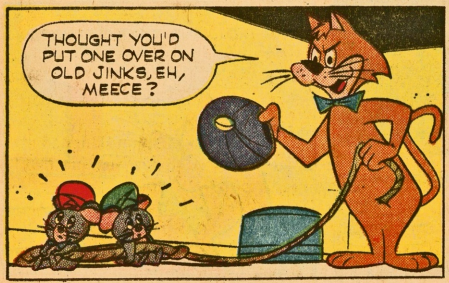

WELL, AS I LIVE AND BREATHE— I KNEW IT! I JUST KNEW IT!
HA-HA-HA-HA!
THEY'VE ACTUALLY TAKEN UP SNAKE CHARMING! HOO-HOO! HA-HA!
HEY, FELLAS, WHERE'S THE SNA...HUH?
IT'S A REAL SNAKE!
AS IF I DIDN'T SEE THAT THREAD...AND THAT OLD ROPE THAT WAS IN THE BASEMENT! (SNICKER! SNICKER!)
HERE'S WHERE I MAKE THEIR LITTLE GAG BACKFIRE ON 'EM!
FELLAS, PLEASE LET ME IN ON YOUR SNAKE-CHARMING SECRET, HUH? AND CAN I JOIN YOUR CLUB?
WELL...


WE'LL GO HAVE A CONFERENCE AND THEN LET YOU KNOW!
SNICKER!

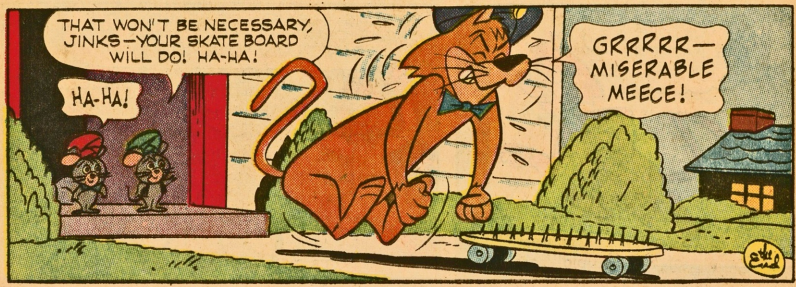

QUICK! LET'S GO FIX HIS SKATE BOARD!
RIGHT!


AND...
OKAY, JINKS, YOU'RE IN! HERE'S YOUR TURBAN!
THANKS, FELLAS!


AND HERE'S YOUR PHONY SNAKE!
HA! HA!
ZIP!


THOUGHT YOU'D PUT ONE OVER ON OLD JINKS, EH, MEECE?


WELL, SINCE I'M A CLUB MEMBER, DON'T FORGET TO GET ME MY BED OF NAILS! HA-HA-HA!


THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, JINKS—YOUR SKATE BOARD WILL DO! HA-HA!
HA-HA!
GRRRRR—MISERABLE MEECE!

THE HAUNTED QUARRY



"So many of the cases I've solved are just routine," sighed Perry Gunnite, as he sat in his office. "I wish I could get a really interesting case to work on — something besides a bank robbery or a jewel theft. Maybe a haunted quarry case would be just the thing!" Then Perry laughed, "What a silly idea! Whoever heard of a haunted quarry?"

The ringing of the phone jarred him out of his musings. He answered it quickly.

"Perry Gunnite speaking! Plain and fancy private detecting at all hours!" he said. "Who? Mr. Rockhead of Bedrock Quarry? You say what? Your quarry is *haunted?* Good! — I — er mean, I'll be right over!"

Perry hurriedly put the phone down. "My goodness! I guess there's a first for everything! A haunted quarry!"

At the quarry, Mr. Rockhead was excited and apprehensive as he met Perry.

"And you really believe your quarry is haunted?" asked Perry, in half disbelief.

"Either that or someone wants to drive me out of business!" moaned Mr. Rockhead.

He held out a handful of round stones.

"These have been falling out of the sky, right out of nowhere, for the past week," he explained. "My workers are so jittery that they are all ready to quit!"

After examining one of the stones, Perry said, "I have the solution! These stones are coming from a nearby golf course!"

"I thought of that, stupid!" growled Mr. Rockhead. "But there's no golf course within two miles of here!"

"Show me the area in which these stones have been falling," asked Perry.

"Okay, but you better put on a safety helmet! You can get a nasty whack from these hard things!" replied Mr. Rockhead.

"I'm not worried. In my profession I am always living dangerously," smiled Perry.

The words were hardly spoken when *whack!* something struck him on the head. He staggered a moment and then hurriedly asked for a safety helmet.

"See what I mean?" snapped Mr. Rockhead, holding up a small round stone. "Just like that — BAM! out of a clear sky!"

Perry blinked. "Wait a minute!" he said, "something just struck me!"

"Another stone?" asked Mr. Rockhead.

"No! An idea! Something you just said is making sense," grinned Perry.

Perry drove out to Barney Rubble's home which was more than a mile from the quarry. It was a wild hunch on Perry's part, but what did he have to lose?

Betty, Barney's wife, answered the door.

"Perry Gunnite! What brings you out to see us?" she asked.

"Oh, I just thought I'd drop by and see how your little son Bamm-Bamm is!"

"He's in the back yard," Betty said as she led the way. "He's gotten interested in golf, and he's practicing."

There in the yard was Bamm-Bamm, with a pile of small round stones and his club. He was ready to make a drive.

WHACK! He sent a stone into the sky — right in the direction of the quarry.

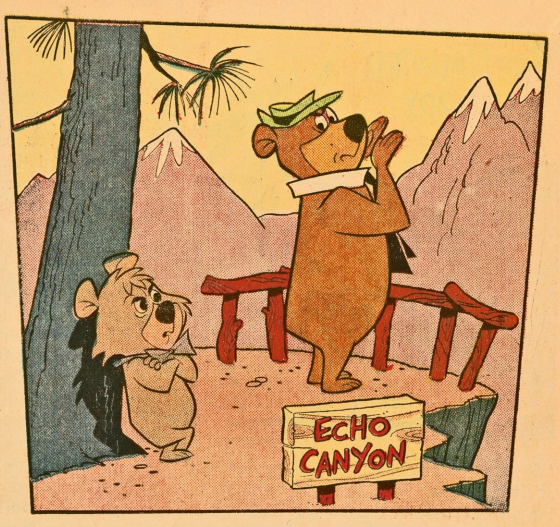
"That's the answer!" smiled Perry. "Only a kid as strong as Bamm-Bamm could drive a stone that far!" Suddenly Perry realized that though he had solved the case he must do something to correct conditions so the quarry would be safe. If he could interest Bamm-Bamm in some sport besides golf, he might have the solution.

Later, Perry returned to his office.

"Oh, my poor aching bones!" he groaned, easing into a chair. "I solved the mystery of the haunted quarry and also got Bamm-Bamm interested in a new sport; but why did he have to pick dinosaur-back riding, with me playing the part of the dinosaur?"

YOGI BEAR

by Hanna-Barbera



"WHY DON'T YOU GIVE UP, YOGI—YOU'LL *NEVER* GET IN THE LAST WORD!"



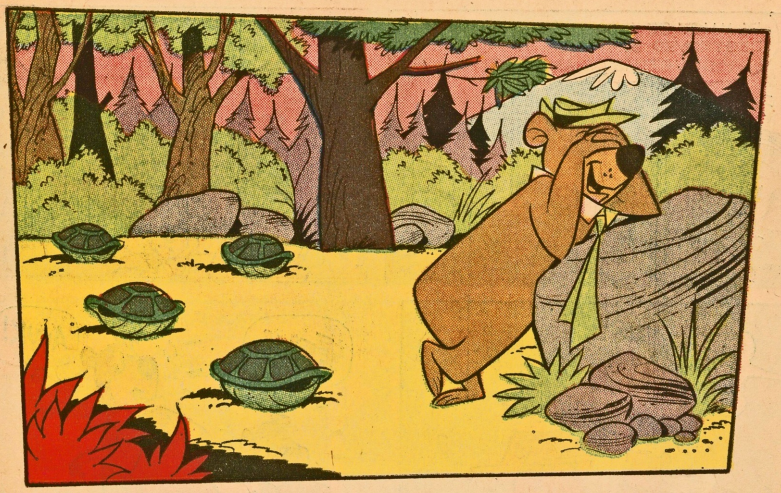
"DON'T YOU WORRY, YOGI, WE'LL BE SURE TO FIND OUR WAY HOME!"

YOGI BEAR

by Hanna-Barbera



"WHO'S THERE?"



"...98...99...100! HERE I COME, READY OR NOT!"


Hanna-Barbera
YOGI BEAR
THE CREEPS OF JELLYSTONE
HEY, BOO BOO BOY, I DON'T RECALL BEING IN THIS SECTION OF JELLYSTONE PARK BEFORE, DO YOU?
GEE NO, YOGI! IT'S SO BARE AND DISMAL LOOKING!
IT MUST BE A SECTION THAT WAS DESTROYED BY A FOREST FIRE AT SOMETIME OR ANOTHER!
YEAH, AND IT NEVER GREW BACK!
COME ON, YOGI, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE AND BACK TO CIVILIZATION!
I'M WITH YOU, BOO BOO!
HELLO, THERE!
EEK!
AWK!


YOU MUST BE VISITORS FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF JELLYSTONE!
ER...UH, YEAH... TEMPORARY VISITORS! WHAT...ER, WHO ARE YOU?
I AM BORIS GROOZILY! LET ME WELCOME YOU TO BARREN LAND!
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!
YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES!
ER, YOU'RE QUITE A SIGHT YOURSELF! WELL, WE'D BETTER BE ON OUR WAY, BOO BOO!
YEAH!
WOOPS!
PLEASE STAY!
THIS IS MY WIFE, GROANA!
HOWDY, MA'AM!
OOH, REAL LIVE VISITORS! HOW GHASTLY NICE!
WHAT ARE YOUR NAMES?
ER...
I'M FOGI BEAR AND THIS IS GOO GOO — ER, I'M YOGI AND HE'S BOO BOO!


COME ALONG! WE DON'T GET MANY VISITORS!
THAT FIGURES! ER...UH...REALLY?
BOO BOO, I WANT YOU TO MEET OUR YOUNG SON! YOU'LL LIKE HIM, I'M SURE!
AND HE'LL BE SO HAPPY TO SEE SOMEONE HIS OWN AGE!
UH-HUH!
MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME!
GEE, IT'S SURE DARK IN HERE!
YES, WE LIKE IT! IT'S SO CHEERFUL!
YOO-HOO! GRUNTLY! WE HAVE GUESTS!
GRUNT!
COME, I WANT YOU TO MEET BOO BOO AND YOGI!
YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE GRUNTLY, HE'S SO BACKWARD WITH STRANGERS!
FORGET IT! HE'LL OUTGROW IT! ER, WHAT AM I SAYING?
GRUNT!


BORIS, WHY DON'T YOU AND OUR GUESTS GO GET SOME FOOD! THEN WE'LL HAVE DINNER!
YES, AN ELEGANT IDEA, GROANA! COME ALONG, YOGI AND BOO BOO!
(ULP!) OKAY!
AND...
REALLY, BORIS, YOU SHOULDN'T GO TO ANY TROUBLE FOR US!
NO TROUBLE AT ALL, YOGI!
YOU DO LIKE PAN-FRIED FISH, DON'T YOU?
IF YOU INSIST!
SO...
LET'S GO, YOGI! THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS, TO SAY NOTHING OF THESE GROOZILIES!
NOW TAKE IT EASY, BOO BOO! THERE'S NO SENSE LEAVING ON AN EMPTY STOMACH!
HOW ARE THE FISH BITING, BORIS?
GOLLY, YOGI, THERE'S NO WATER IN THE STREAM!
FISHING COULDN'T BE BETTER, YOGI!


FEAST YOUR EYES ON THESE BEAUTS!
JUST WAIT TILL GROANA PACKS 'EM WITH MUD! THEY'LL BE DELICIOUS!
MMM...
CAN'T YOU JUST PICTURE THEM FRYING?
YEP!
UNGH!
LATER...
WHY, YOGI, YOU AND BOO BOO DIDN'T TOUCH A BITE OF FOOD!
ER... WE'RE NOT VERY HEAVY EATERS, MA'AM!
BESIDES, WE DIDN'T WANT TO DEPRIVE YOUR SON FROM HAVING AN EXTRA HELPING!
GRUNT!
YES, HE'S A GROWING BOY!
GRUNTLY, HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU NOT TO EAT THE TABLE IN FRONT OF GUESTS?
WHERE ARE YOUR MANNERS? CAN'T YOU WAIT UNTIL THEY LEAVE?
GRUNT!


SPEAKING OF LEAVING, FOLKS, WE'VE GOT TO BE ON OUR WAY!
SO SOON?
YES, IT'S SUNDOWN!


MY, MY! IT IS, AT THAT! YOU CAN'T LEAVE NOW!


WAIT, WE CAN'T LET YOU START OUT AT SUNDOWN!
HUH?


THIS PART OF THE PARK GETS REAL CREEPY AFTER DARK!
AFTER DARK?


QUICK, GET BACK INSIDE!
BUT REALLY, WE MUST BE GOING!


I WOULDN'T THINK OF IT! YOU CAN STAY IN OUR ROOM TONIGHT!

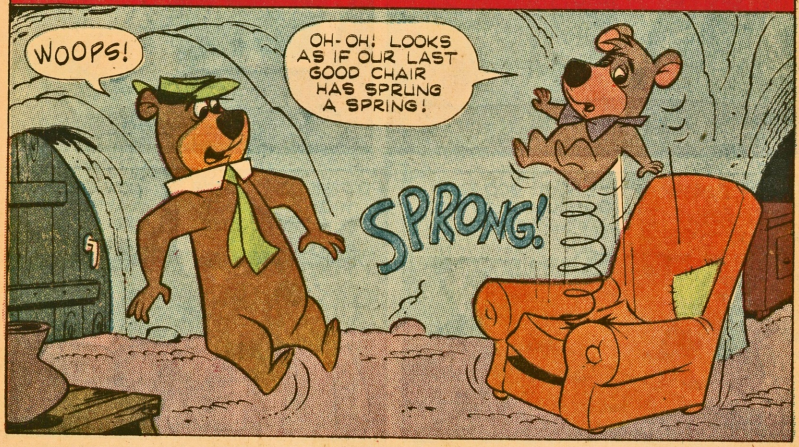

WE'LL SLEEP MUCH BETTER KNOWING YOU'RE INSIDE, WITH US!
I THINK WE WILL SLEEP BETTER IF WE COULD WAKE UP FROM THIS NIGHTMARE!
YOU SAID IT!
MOAN SWEET MOAN


MEANWHILE...
YOGI! BOO BOO!
NOW WHERE COULD THOSE TWO BEARS HAVE WANDERED OFF TO?
SURELY THEY WOULDN'T HAVE VENTURED INTO THIS BARREN PART OF JELLYSTONE!
AND...
LISTEN, YOGI, I THOUGHT I HEARD THE RANGER!
YEAH, SO DID I, BOO BOO!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
LIKE, FAST!
YOGI! BOO BOO! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
HOME!
OH, DEAR... I JUST HOPE THEY KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING!
NOW, BORIS, DON'T LOOK SO WORRIED!
AFTER ALL, THIS ISN'T OUR FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH THOSE STRANGE-ACTING BEARS FROM THE OTHER PART OF JELLYSTONE!
YOU'RE RIGHT, DEAR!


REMEMBER THAT BEAR WHO CAME HERE ONCE, AND THE WAY HE ACTED?
YES!
HE EVEN LEFT BEFORE DINNER!
HEY, RANGER, SIR! BOY, IS IT GOOD TO SEE YOU!
AND HOW!
YOGI! BOO BOO! YOU DID GO INTO THAT BARREN PART OF JELLYSTONE!
DID WE EVER! WHEW!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
NOW, JUST A MINUTE, FELLAS...
I HOPE YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TELL ME THE STORY KOOKY CHARLEY TOLD ME...WHEN HE WANDERED INTO THAT BARREN LAND!
KOOKY CHARLEY! SAY, HE'S THE BEAR YOU TRANSFERRED TO HAPPY ACRE PARK, ISN'T HE?
WE DIDN'T SEE A THING!
YES...POOR CHARLEY SURE NEEDED A REST!
THAT'S GOOD! WHY, HE CLAIMED HE MET A FRIENDLY FAMILY OF GRIZZLY BEARS OUT THERE WITH A SON TWELVE FEET TALL! NOW WASN'T THAT RIDICULOUS? HA-HA-HA!
ER...UH...YEAH! RIDICULOUS!

Hanna-Barbera YOGI BEAR

THE SURFBOARDING BEAR



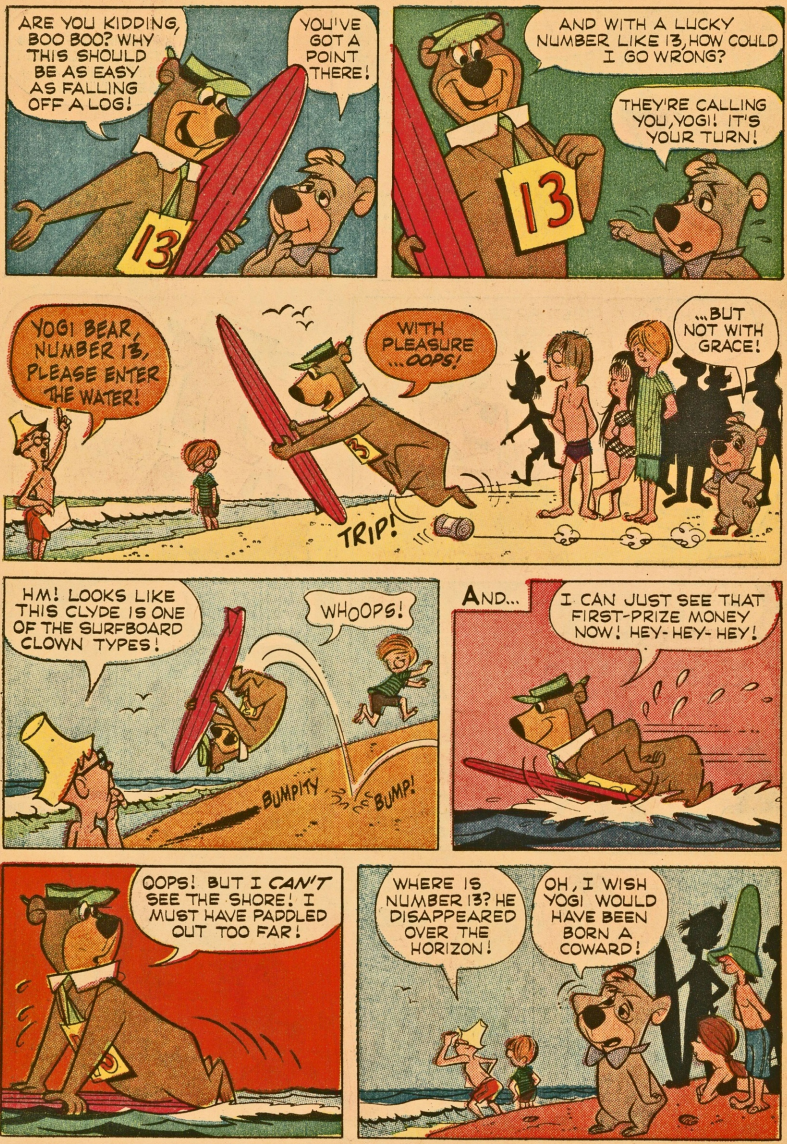









AND...
HEY, BOO BOO BOY! LISTEN TO THIS!
DON'T SHAKE THE FLOOR, YOGI!
SPRONG!
THE PAPER SAYS THAT THERE'S A BIG SURFBOARD CONTEST BEING HELD AT BEACHVILLE!
SO, WHAT ELSE IS NEW?
FIRST PRIZE IS A COOL COUPLE OF HUNDRED BUCKS!
THAT'S JUST ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY NEW FURNITURE, BOO BUDDY!
COME ON, WE'RE GOING TO BEACHVILLE!
BUT YOGI, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO RIDE A SURFBOARD!
WHO CARES? HAVEN'T YOU EVER HEARD OF BEGINNER'S LUCK?
OH, THAT!
THEN...
MY NAME IS YOGI BEAR, PAL, WHAT'S YOURS?
THAT'S JUST A FACE PAINTED ON A SURFBOARD, YOGI! YOUR TURN IS COMING UP SOON—WHY DON'T YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND?
11
12
13


ARE YOU KIDDING, BOO BOO? WHY THIS SHOULD BE AS EASY AS FALLING OFF A LOG!
YOU'VE GOT A POINT THERE!
13
AND WITH A LUCKY NUMBER LIKE 13, HOW COULD I GO WRONG?
THEY'RE CALLING YOU, YOGI! IT'S YOUR TURN!
13
YOGI BEAR, NUMBER 13, PLEASE ENTER THE WATER!
WITH PLEASURE OOPS!
TRIP!
...BUT NOT WITH GRACE!
HM! LOOKS LIKE THIS CLYDE IS ONE OF THE SURFBOARD CLOWN TYPES!
WHOOPS!
BUMPITY
BUMP!
AND...
I CAN JUST SEE THAT FIRST-PRIZE MONEY NOW! HEY-HEY-HEY!
OOPS! BUT I CAN'T SEE THE SHORE! I MUST HAVE PADDLED OUT TOO FAR!
WHERE IS NUMBER 13? HE DISAPPEARED OVER THE HORIZON!
OH, I WISH YOGI WOULD HAVE BEEN BORN A COWARD!


HEY, BOYS! THE COAST GUARD SAYS TO HOLD OFF ON THE CONTEST! THERE'S A WAVE OUT THERE COMIN' IN THAT'S TOO MUCH!
HOWEVER...
HEY-HEY-HEY! NOW WHAT DO I DO?
WOW! SOMETHING TELLS ME I SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO BOO BOO!
LOOK! COULD THAT BE NUMBER 13 CAUGHT IN THAT BIG ONE?
IF SO, HE'S SHOOTIN' THE TUBE!
YAHOOOIE!
NOW A ONE-FOOT STAND!
FLIP!
AND NOW A ONE-HAND STAND!
OOPS!
YAHOO!
IT'S AMAZING!
I DON'T KNOW HOW HE CAN STAND UP UNDER THE PRESSURE!
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT HIM, BUT I CAN'T!
PLUNK!


AND...
HEY, FELLAS, DID YOU SEE THAT?
SORRY, PAL, CAN'T BE BOTHERED, NOW! WE HAVE A CASUALTY!
GIVE HIM AIR!
A LITTLE BEAR FAINTED!
OH, NO! DON'T TELL ME I DID THAT ALL FOR NOTHING! I THINK A BIG BEAR IS GONNA FAINT, TOO!
SAY, THAT'S THE GUY WHO RODE IN ON THE BIG ONE!
YOU MEAN, YOGI MADE IT?
LATER...
WELL, BOO BOO, OUR NEW FURNITURE IS PRETTY PEACHY, RIGHT?
YEP! THANKS TO YOUR BEGINNER'S LUCK!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
NOW, WHO COULD THAT BE?
YOGI, I GOT TO THINKING ABOUT HOW I TREATED YOU THIS MORNING! I'VE COME TO RENEW OUR FRIENDSHIP!
YOU DON'T SAY!
I'VE DECIDED TO GET THE FURNITURE YOU WANTED!
FORGET IT, RANGER, SIR! I HAPPEN TO ALREADY HAVE NEW FURNITURE...AND NEW FRIENDS!


YAY, YOGI— OUR HERO!
IN FACT, HERE THEY COME NOW! I INVITED THEM TO A PARTY!
REALLY?
MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME, FOLKS!
BOY, WHAT A PAD!
A REAL CAVE, MAN!
HEY-HEY! GO-GO-GO!
FINALLY...
GOOD-NIGHT, DAD!
(WHEW!) THAT WAS SOME PARTY, EH, BOO BOO?
I BET THE RANGER THOUGHT I WAS GONNA INVITE HIM! HA! WHO NEEDS HIM NOW?
WE DO, YOGI... AND THAT NEW FURNITURE HE OFFERED, TOO!
DO YOU THINK IT'S TOO LATE TO ASK HIM TO THE PARTY?
GEEF!
GAWF!


Hanna-Barbera
A
JELLYSTONE
JOLLY


Hanna-Barbera
YOGI BEAR
PARK AIRPORT
TO OLD FACEFULL GEYSER
TO RAINBOW FALLS
TO THE BOTTOMLESS PIT